Gent. No monster, I proue
My thoughts did onely tend to vertuous loue.
Huſ. Loue of her vertues? there it goes.
Gent. Baſe ſpirit, to lay thy hate vpon
The fruitfull honour of thine owne bed.
They fight, and the Husband is hurt.
Huſ. Oh.
Gent. Wilt thou yeeld it yet?
Huſ. Sir, ſir, I haue not done with you:
Gent. I hope nor nere ſhall do. *Fight agen.*
Huſ. Haue you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plaine and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falles downe.
Huſ. Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?
Gent. Now ſir, you lie at mercy.
Huſ. I you ſlaue.
Gen. Alas, that hate ſhould bring vs to our graue,
You ſee my ſword's not thirſty for your life,
I am ſorrier for your wound, then your ſelfe,
Y'are of a vertuous houſe, ſhew vertuous deeds,
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleeds,
Much good has beene expected in your life,
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a Wife,
Kinde and obedient: heape not wrongfull ſhame
On her and your poſterity, let onely ſinne be ſore,
And by this fall, riſe neuer to fall more.
And ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*
Huſ. Has the dogge left me then?

After his tooth hath left me? Oh, my heart
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I ſay,
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my ſtrumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrell that rips thus my fleſh,
And makes my breſt ſpit blood, but thou ſhalt bleed
Vanquiſht? got downe? vnable eene to ſpeake?
Surely tis want of money makes men weake,
I, twas that ore-threw me, Ide nere bene downe elſe.
Exit
Enter Wife in a riding ſuite, with a ſeruingman.
Ser. Faith miſtris, if it may not be preſumption
In me to tell you ſo, for his excuſe
You had ſmall reaſon, knowing his abuſe.
Wife. I grant I had, but alaſſe,
Why ſhould our faults at home be ſpread abroad,
Tis greefe enough within doores; at firſt ſight
Mine Vncle could run ore his prodigall life
As perfectly, as if his ſerious eye
Had numbred all his follies:
Knew of his morgagde lands, his friends in bonds,
Himſelfe withered with debt; And in that minute
Had I added his vſage and vnkindneſſe,
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good,
Where now, fathering his ryots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will ſhake off,
Gueſſing his kindnes to me (as I ſmoothd him
With all the skill I had) though his deſarts
Are in forme vglier then an vnſhapte Beare.
Hee's ready to prefer him to ſome Office
And place at Court; a good and ſure releefe